Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, April 12, 1917 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Soul of Love

He died for his own soul, and rose again—
A mighty thought (which Caesar could not kill).
His life's work passed into the souls of men,
Enshrined forever, adamant as will!

So all the thoughts of will divine survive
The crucifixion, death and burial, too.
The universal sons of love will strive
To make your life a holy place for you.

See! o'er Siberian snows glad Easter dawns;
A new life stirs with songs of jubilee—
Each age must find a brow to crown with thorns—
And Tolstoy's spirit struggles to be free!

FRANCIS NEILSON.

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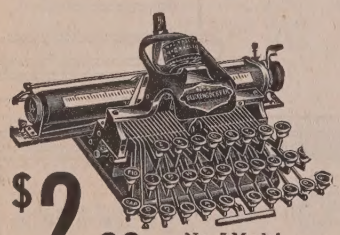

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1917. NUMBER 7.

"Above All Nations is Humanity"

THE WHITE BORDERED BANNER.

(Sung at the Flag Raising of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Saturday, May 27, 1905.)

Our stars and our stripes are now bordered with white,
To justice and peace all the nations inviting.
'Tis the emblem of love giving might to the right,
All races and creeds in truth's service uniting.
Not by powder and ball, but through love's higher call
Will the merciful banner yet wave over all.
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, Gods children to save!

"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just:
And this be our motto—'In God is our trust!'"
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, Gods children to save!

—J. Ll. J.

UNITY begs to apologize for an error which escaped the eye of the proofreader of last week's issue. The title of Dr. Crother's book, referred to in the first editorial note, is, of course, "The Pleasures of an *Absentee* Landlord."

Reverend Edward S. Tead in a recent number of the *Congregationalist* has a communication entitled: "Why not Come Together?" Which is a refreshing suggestion in these days when divisions in the human family are so much emphasized. In the name of the Pilgrim Fathers and with the Tercentenary Celebration of American Congregationalism in mind, he asks: "Has not the time arrived when the family of Congregationalists, comprising Baptists, Trinitarians, Unitarians, and Universalists should state that hereafter they are to be one body and 'walk together,' and that their union is to be based on the platform of the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Leadership of Jesus." Sure enough, why not? And again, why not? This question will not down. The logic of progress, the cause of brotherhood, as well as the alleged gospel of Jesus, now so discredited by schisms, factions and wars, demand this—and the something more, and not the something less.

In the face of the sweeping claim of all the papers, the unanimity of which is a psychological marvel and an ethical puzzle, that the nation is unanimous in its readiness for war, the sporadic attempts to determine in the only logical and scientific way the attitude of the people, tells a very different story. We have before us, gleaned from the columns of the daily press, the figures of a referendum more or less carefully taken in three cities of Wisconsin and two of Minnesota, which aggregate 7,319 votes against war and only 177 votes in favor of war. Senator Husting of Wisconsin frankly admitted in the Senate debate last week that if the vote were taken in the nation on war or no war, the result would be a majority in favor of peace, while if it were a question of supporting the government, following the lead of the President, the vote would be reversed. But here are figures which invite study:

	For Peace	For War
Manitowoc, Wis.	1,460	15
Sheboygan, Wis.	4,177	17
Monroe, Wis.	954	95
New Ulm, Minn.	466	19
St. Peter, Minn.	262	31

Two important forward-looking social events are to take place in Chicago next week. The first is a Congress of Forums, which is to hold, we believe, its first National meeting at the Abraham Lincoln Centre next Monday and Tuesday, April 16th and 17th. This is a new tool in social regeneration, scarcely yet sufficiently formulated to be intelligently studied. We hope that the meetings next week will give us interesting material for UNITY readers for the week following. The executive secretary of this movement, A. Lyle DeJarnette, in his appeal for co-operation and interest, writes to the Editor of UNITY:

I was in Baltimore Sunday night, April 1st, where a crowd of war patriots rushed by a line of policemen and broke up an open forum meeting.

In Washington where I was Monday the police refused to permit a public meeting in the streets.

Last evening I saw a perfectly lawful assembly at Madison Square broken up by the police, though for years the right of assembly has been permitted there.

I do not know what you think about this war, but I am sure you believe in the right of the people to assemble peacefully. We want to keep up the fight for freedom of discussion.

We want to plant a forum in every university, and in every industrial and rural center in America. We have now nineteen new forums beside the thirty-two listed on this letter head, and we are growing at the rate of two a week.

The demand for forums is increasing at a wonderful pace. We must meet this demand. We must go forward.

Will you help us to maintain our reason for existence in a time when the right of freedom of assembly is threatened?

The second event, more elaborate, better formulated, with a longer history, but still inchoate, is, to quote the technical term of science, in its protoplasmic period. It is a "National Community Center Conference," April 17 to 20, with meetings to be held for

the most part in the Auditorium Hotel. An elaborate program and preliminary announcement has been published covering 16 pages, copies of which can be obtained by addressing the Chicago office at 123 West Madison Street. Many speakers, well known as leaders in this interesting movement, which still wants an adequate name, are booked for addresses. Among topics to be discussed are: "Where do the Community Movements Belong in this Crisis of our Nation?" "The Community Center in American Life;" "The Future Possibilities;" "The Use of Public Buildings for Recreation Purposes;" "Community Centers and Rural Life," etc.

To a mind undebauched by the disintegrating excitements, the indirect demoralization of battle cries is manifest on every page of the current newspapers. A Monday morning Chicago paper, giving an extensive account of the departure of 450 boys for the navy stations on the Atlantic, commends the good sense of the bandmaster who, by his timely injection of such music as "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," "How Dry I Am," and "Hail Hail, the Gang's all Here!" prevented the "breakdown" that was imminent. A "gray-cloaked girl" "thanked God for the band." "I promised not to cry and I won't." Another paper has a graphic picture of a soldier boy and his sweetheart in a close hug, posed for the purpose, as an incentive to loyalty. We hear of a woman at the recent Chicago "demonstration," standing with a boy in an automobile and singing through a megaphone: "I've only got one boy to go; I wish I had four more," while many young girls were seen on the streets clinging to the coat-lapels of young men, presumably urging enlistment. The refinements of art, the delicate appreciations that at other times bespeak a culture that is closely allied to religion and deeply rooted in morality, are, in the presence of the war spirit, everywhere and always brushed aside and the patriotism of moral control gives way to a "PATRIOTISM" that expresses itself in slang, profanity, and oftentimes the dissipations that make intoxication a patriot's slip and not a young man's disgrace. A recent visitor to Washington, still untainted by the partisanship of hate and the "Patriotism" fixed within geographical boundaries, noticed on the one hand the illuminated dome of the Capitol, rising radiantly in the dark, while at the left rose a church spire bearing the star of Bethlehem and, in shining white lights, the legend: "JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD." In the lower central foreground, between these two, there flashed in green, yellow and red letters the appeal: "The United States Navy Needs Men. AMERICA *FIRST*." We leave our readers to establish the true perspective. Democracy, Christianity, or America, expressed in terms of geography and enforced in terms of battle. We realize that the great mass of American citizens resent the implication that there is an essential antagonism between the ideals represented in the illuminated dome and the transfiguring star, and the war waged for "honor's" sake. Perhaps not, but there is the picture that will not be blurred by temporizing logic when witnessed by the eye of the spirit and tested by the unbiased candor of the informed mind.

"Free Speech, the Duty and Right of a People's Representative"

It is not often that UNITY is tempted to find editorial material in the columns of the daily papers, but a recent editorial in the *Chicago Examiner* so expresses what we wanted to say upon the matter involved that we quote it entire. The *Examiner* is a daily. UNITY is a weekly, and we reach some people that the *Examiner* does not, and we reach them under conditions more favorable to reflection. So we borrow the words of our neighbor for our editorial on the above subject:

The speeches and votes of Senators Hitchcock and LaFollette form an interesting contrast.

Senator Hitchcock has been an ardent advocate of peace. We do not doubt that he was absolutely sincere in that advocacy. But he had come to the conclusion that it was no longer possible or desirable to remain at peace with Germany, and so he spoke and voted for the President's war program.

There is no doubt that Senator Hitchcock was sincere both in his peace advocacy and in his vote for a declaration of war. He has at all times expressed his real sentiments and voted according to them. And that is what he is in the Senate to do.

Senator LaFollette is as sincere a man as Senator Hitchcock. He has served his country as well and has been as devoted as any senator to the interests of his countrymen throughout a long and honorable career. Senator LaFollette still believes that peace is the proper policy for the United States. He believes that the United States, entering the war at this time will prolong the war, will result in an added injury to humanity and possibly a grave danger to the United States.

For expressing his honest opinions Senator LaFollette is called a traitor. It seems to this newspaper that Senator LaFollette has just as much right to express his opinions as has Senator Lodge. Senator Lodge has always favored war and Senator Hitchcock has formerly favored peace and has been led by circumstances now to favor war.

In fact, it seems to the *Examiner* that it is the duty of every senator in such a grave crisis to express his sincere opinion and his carefully considered judgment, and that the traitor is the man who, through cowardice or petty policy, or through truckling subservience, fails to express his honest convictions, fails to give the people the advantage of his best thoughts, fails to perform that honest service for which he is sent to Washington and which he is paid to perform.

Senator LaFollette may be wrong in his views, but our whole congressional system is based on the honest and fearless expression of all the varying views of our various representatives in Congress, with the idea that out of this discussion and free and fearless expression the right principles and policies will evolve. We cannot have free discussion unless all opinions on a question are freely expressed, and when we fail to have free discussion and honest expression of opinion and an uninfluenced majority rule we will cease to have a republic.

Therefore, whether we agree with Senator LaFollette or not, we should not blame him for expressing his honest sen-

timents any more than we should blame Senator Lodge or Senator Hitchcock. On the contrary, we should commend him for the courage he has displayed in performing what he believes to be his duty, even though that duty may not be popular at the moment.

As a matter of fact, it will be a very bad day for the land and its liberties whenever the pernicious doctrine that a representative of the people should not express his real sentiments and vote in acordancce with his conscience becomes general, and a worse day when it becomes a generally accepted doctrine that the Congress must submit to the will of the President instead of the President submitting to the will of the people, voiced by the people's representatives in Congress.

That way lies autocracy and despotism.

That is, indeed, the very doctrine of Prussian junkerdom, against which the President declares that we are about to fight.

It is a doctrine that has no place in a free country, because it is absolutely incompatible with representative government and popular freedom.

We should all frown upon every expression of this doctrine, more particularly in time of war, when a people are so much more apt to look with tolerance upon serious infringments of their fundamental rights than they are in time of peace.

Editorial Correspondence

IV.

Lincoln Memorial University, Cumrerland Gap, Tenn.—It is a long day's ride from Birmingham, Alabama, to this mountain pass. The shadows of evening were already fallen upon the entrancing lines of the mountain range. It was a hurried drive from the station to the auditorium, where a student audience, backed by the faculty and the few residents that form the civic fringe of this educational center which monopolizes the wonderful landscape and inspired spiritual investment and commitment, awaited the speaker.

This hurried program was determined upon:

Tuesday night: "Who Are the Cultured?"
Wednesday morning: "Whittier, the Good Quaker Poet."
Wednesday night: "The Three R's—a Plea for the Better Education."
Thursday morning: Browning.
Thursday evening: "The Story of the Ford Peace Ship and Its Lessons."
Friday morning: Browning (continued).
Friday evening: Emerson.
Saturday evening: Social Reunion of the Students and Faculty at Norton Hall.
Sunday morning: Also in the Pavilion: "Abraham Lincoln, the Story Retold."

All these appointments were "university events." The entire constituency of the campus was in attendance. The message was received with avidity by minds as clear as the mountain air and hearts as frank and sincere as the mountain brooks. Of course these engagements were relieved by delightful rides, now into Virginia, again into Kentucky, and anon deeper into Tennessee.

The student body numbers during the year approximately six hundred young men and women, most of them gathered from their mountain fastnesses, though the roll will indicate that students here, as in all the other American schools, defy geographical boundaries and state limits. From Texas eastward, and from the Carolinas northward are represented in their catalogue.

The picture back of the rostrum, in the auditorium built by the boys, which shows Abraham Lincoln pointing out to General Howard with his finger on the map the strategic point of Cumberland Gap, is as significant sociologically as it was in the tactics of war. Only a few weeks ago the readers of Unity were introduced to this marvelous region by the accounts of the "Pilgrimage," made to this historic spot on the twentieth anniversary of the founding of this institution. Time and space forbid a repetition of that story, but the work of transforming the boys and girls in this most severely localized and heretofore isolated section of our country into self-reliant citizens not only of the nation but of the world, is a story as encouraging as it is unique. The "L. M. U." is a working institution. Stories of Tuskegee and Berea are here duplicated, students coming afoot when necessary, and succeeding in winning their way through college by virtue of the diligence of their own hands, the investment of their own muscle, directed by the self-denying spirit within themselves.

The faculty so far as it goes is made up of the best output of the great northern colleges; to name the alma mater of these teachers would be to reprint the well known lists of universities with national reputations.

Of course their salaries are shamefully small, as compared with what they could command did they follow the lure of the best chance, but here is where their work tells and they can see the results of their efforts in the way of growing manhood and womanhood from day to day, and they are glad to stay.

The Editor of Unity knew President Hubbell in his undergraduate days at Antioch, and the memory of the Editor's annual visitation when he was a trustee at Antioch was the reason why the President of Lincoln Memorial University thought it worth while to lend the university constituents entire to the ministrations of the itinerant editor who, in time of war, spoke the message of peace; in the days of military agitation, plead for the triumphs of peace, and gloried in the heroism found in the civic realms of history and of life. The lecturer found this young blood pulsing with courage, independent of the excitements of the day, because they were enjoying the inspirations of the ages, the perennial courage-making material offered by the master-minds.

The "L. M. U." has its dangers, its temptations, its great needs and its splendid opportunities, but if it can avoid the dangers from friends as well as foes, its future is most certain.

Meanwhile, this Appalachian world, "the home of our contemporary ancestors," as Doctor Frost of

Berea aptly calls it, offers a most attractive field for the student of sociology. Here is a land charged with folk-lore, with home-grown traditions, songs and dances. It invites study. To hear the mountain songs rendered by the clear voices of the girls at the Saturday night reunion was to wish for a troupe of Fuller sisters to study that realm of poetry and song, and to render the same with trained voices as those sisters have done for the closely related folk-songs of the England and Scotland of two hundred years ago. And to have been swept into the merry dance of "Skiptomylou" was also to make one wish that the would-be "trained social workers" in our cities who spend so much time in trying to revive the old folk-dances of European peasants, while something much more available and to the manor born is being neglected among our own mountains, would awaken to these possibilities. This dance is full of rhythm, so available to grace, spontaneity and so truly social, that it renders the hopeless inanities, the vulgar, languishing sentimentalisms of the silly fox trots, one steps and turkey trots not only uninteresting but distressingly unlikeable. Perhaps they are kept alive by the charge that they are almost bad. Possibly they could be killed if they could be shown to be stupid, for perhaps the average young American would rather be suspected of being a little wicked than of being absolutely silly.

KNOXVILLE.—Through the kindly offices of President Hubbell, a "date" was fixed for this town. The "Centenary Methodist Church, South," graciously offered its pulpit for Sunday evening and the committee chose for the subject "The Story of the Ford Peace Ship and Its Lessons," and although the air was vibrant with martial music, and the newspapers told us that Tennessee was aflame with patriotism, that house full of people gave breathless, tearful attention to the appeal for an escape from militancy to the high lands of American life represented by the great pacifists, Channing, Emerson, Whitman and others.

Thus closed an itinerary reaching through thirty-nine days, traversing seven or eight states and districts, speaking in twelve cities, forty different times. All of the addresses centered on the thought of internationalism, the patriotism that loves the world and will not be seduced by the emissaries of hate and the spiritual vivisection that is involved in the philosophy of war and the very thought of violence. In all these places the message was received in the main sympathetically, but always respectfully and with unbroken courtesy.

For three days the physical machine was run in for repairs at West Baden, Ind., where it was scoured and scrubbed and soaked and parboiled and turned out in good running order.

I stopped on the way to visit once more the unmarked grave of the "blessed stepmother" and the cruelly unappreciated and ignored father of Abraham Lincoln, picking up a few of the traditions of those who still remember "Grandpa and Grandma Lincoln." They were beloved by their neighbors and honored by those "whose farms joined theirs." There is work yet to do in the interest of history,—an honor yet to be paid to the worthy forbears and the fertile soil out of which grew the great spirit. The antecedents and environments of Abraham Lincoln were such as befits the origin of a great prophet of democracy—an Abraham Lincoln.

I was home on schedule time,—a schedule that has been unbroken for eighteen years,—late Good Friday afternoon in time to conduct a Good Friday evening meeting and the Easter services, and to find as always that the flag of the Abraham Lincoln Centre had been kept floating and the wheels kept moving during my absence. UNITY had not failed, the thirty-fourth Annual was out on time, and the brand new organ at Lincoln Centre with heavenly tones was ready to sound for the first time the clear notes of the Easter of nature, the festival of the spring, however darkened was the Easter of Christendom by the heavy clouds of hate and the paralysis of broken faith in the ideal.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

PEACE SONG.

God of the nations, near and far,
  Ruler of all mankind,
Bless Thou Thy people as they strive
  The path of peace to find.
The clash of arms still shakes the sky,
  King battles still with king—
Wild through the frighted air of night
  The bloody tocsins ring.

But clearer far the friendly speech
  Of scientists and seers,
The wise debates of statesmen
  And the shouts of pioneers.
And stronger far the clasped hands
  Of Labor's teeming throngs,
Who in a hundred tongues repeat
  Their common creeds and songs.

From shore to shore the people call
  In loud and sweet acclaim,
The gloom of land and sea is lit
  With Pentecostal flame.
O, Father, from the curse of war
  We pray Thee give release,
And speed, O speed the blessed day
  Of justice, love and peace.

—*Exchange.*

Miss Rankin's Vote in Congress Against War

To the Editor of UNITY:

Did not the dramatic scene in the United States House of Representatives in the early morning of April 6, when the vote was taken on the question of declaring war with Germany, possess a deeper significance than appears on the surface? Was it not prophetic of what woman, woman with the ballot in her hand, and with a keener sense of right and wrong in her heart than man possesses, will yet do to remove the scourge of war from civilized lands?

The House of Representatives contained among its members one woman, Miss Jeanette Rankin, from Montana, a newcomer. The reports tell us that when the roll was called for the "ayes" and "nos" and Miss Rankin's name was reached, she sat silent. When the second roll call was made and her name was reached again, she sat silent as before, seemingly stunned, struck dumb by the awful seriousness of the occasion. All eyes in the galleries were turned on her. There was breathless silence everywhere. Then she rose, and in a voice that broke with emotion, and yet that could be heard distinctly throughout the still chamber, she said:

"I want to stand by my country, but I can not vote for war. I vote No."

This was the maiden speech of the first Woman Congressman, a speech which ended in a sob, while great tears rolled down her cheeks.

What did it all mean? It meant that through those tears there spoke, with a quiet daring that could not be daunted, not only the woman's heart and the woman's conscience of this one solitary representative of her sex, but also the heart and conscience and solemn judgment of the womanhood of America and the world, giving warning to America and to the nations that woman's day has come, and therefore that war must die. If man will not smite the monster, woman will.

By voting her heroic "No," Miss Rankin not only "stood by her country" in the noblest possible way, but she stood by humanity, and Christianity, and civilization.

Doubtless for a while longer large numbers of women will continue to be blinded and deceived and overawed by the prestige and glamor and mock claim of "patriotism" and "national honor" with which war and militarism mask their hideousness. But their eyes are opening; they will not be deceived forever.

Man has shamefully failed to give the world peace. From this time on he will have a helper. Man and woman standing side by side and working together will not fail. Miss Rankin has proved once and for all the need of woman's deeper insight, tenderer heart, more sensitive conscience, and more daring courage, in every legislature and parliament of the world.

Miss Rankin's declaration, "I vote No," is nothing less than the verdict of womankind, sooner or later to be uttered with power by millions of other voices, a verdict that cannot be resisted or annulled, as mighty as woman's love and pity and sense of right, as mighty as God—a verdict declaring that between civilized peoples war is not necessary and will not much longer be tolerated; that sons shall be permitted to be born to mothers for nobler ends than to be made "food for powder"; that militarism, the child of barbarism and of hell, shall not always leap into the saddle to ride down reason as soon as trouble arises between great nations; that in a world that calls itself Christian, Christ and not Mars shall rule.

Our experiment in sending a woman to Congress opens well. Our first woman representative has uttered one of the bravest and most far-reaching words of our generation. Her, "I want to stand by my country, but I cannot vote for war," will be heard round the world and down the ages. It may, it will remind us of the declaration of Jesus: "Verily I say unto you, wheresoever my gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall that which this woman hath done be told as a memorial of her."

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

New York, April 7.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Vote Against War

To the Editor:

May I ask UNITY to rescue from the oblivion of the newspaper column the names of the fifty-six members of the United States Congress who on Wednesday and Friday of last week had the courage to vote as they believed the "folks back home" wanted them to vote on the question of declaring a state of war between this nation and Germany?

I do this for two reasons: First, that the list may be preserved in permanent form; second, in the hope that many of your readers may be willing to write immediately to some of these men a much needed letter of appreciation for what they have done, and of support in any future stand they may take for placing the financial cost of war upon those best able to bear it, and against such further militaristic measures as the sending of an army into Europe, conscription and universal military training and service measures and such drastic censorship and espionage bills as will limit the fundamental human rights of free speech, free press, freedom of conscience and of assemblage.

CONGRESSMEN WHO VOTED AGAINST A DECLARATION OF WAR.

Senators—

Robert M. LaFollette, Wis., R.
George W. Norris, Neb., R.
A. J. Gronna, N. D., R.
Wm. J. Stone, Missouri, D.
Jas. K. Vardaman, Miss., D.
Henry Lane, Oregon, D.

Represenatives—

Alabama: Edward B. Almon, D.; John L. Burnett, D.

California: Denver S. Church, D.; Chas. H. Randall, I.; Everis A. Hayes, D.-R.

Colorado: Edward Keating, D.; Benj. C. Hilliard, D.

Iowa: Gilbert N. Haugen, R.; Harry E. Hull, R.; Frank P. Woods, R.

Illinois: Fred A. Britten, R.; Chas. E. Fuller, R.; Edward J. King, R.; Wm. A. Rodenberg, R.; Loren A. Wheeler, R.; Wm. E. Mason, R.

Kansas: E. C. Little, R.; John R. Connelly, D.

Michigan: Mark R. Bacon, R.
Minnesota: Carl C. Van Dyke, D.; Harold Knutson, R.; Ernest Lundeen, R.; Chas. R. Davis, R.
Missouri: Dorsey R. Shackleford, D.; Perl D. Decker, D.; Wm. L. Igoe, D.; Walter L. Hensley, D.
Montana: Jeanette Rankin, R.
Nebraska: Chas. H. Sloan, R.; C. F. Reavis, R.; Moses P. Kinkaid, R.
Nevada: E. E. Roberts, R.
North Carolina: Claude Kitchin, R.
New York: Meyer London, S.
Ohio: Isaac R. Sherwood, D.
South Carolina: Fred H. Dominick, D.
South Dakota: Royal C. Johnson, R.; Chas. H. Dillon, R.
Texas: Jeff McLemore, D.
Washington: C. C. Dill, D.; Wm. L. LaFollette, R.
Wisconsin: Henry A. Cooper, Edward Voight, John M. Nelson, Wm. J. Cary, Wm. H. Stafford, Jas. H. Davidson, John J. Esch, Edward E. Browne, Jas. A. Frear, all Republican.

Portage, Wis. A READER.

The Way Out

To the Editor:—

I wish to express my approval of your position on the war question. It is a very critical time for our country. If militarism gets a firm footing, and the rising generation is educated in that line, we shall overturn our free institutions. There is great danger that in the excitement of these days, Congress will rush through legislation that will send us back to absolutism akin to the old Russian regime, now discarded. The effort to root out spies, if not carefully guarded, will destroy our right of free speech and sow hatred and suspicion right and left. We need above all to get the good will and help of the foreigners in our midst or we shall be in danger of a condition akin to civil war. It is not the pacifists who are dangerous, but those who carelessly condemn every one who differs from them before they are sure they understand him. The right of free speech is our most cherished heritage. We cannot abridge it. We are all citizens and ourselves the ultimate authority. We need to have free, calm, quiet discussions without anger or excitement, and we shall find the way out of these trying circumstances. The best blood and brains of our country are found in those who have the courage of their convictions, and express their views, whether popular or not. Only in that atmosphere can a free people exist. I heard Jenkin Lloyd Jones speak years ago in this city; he is a very able man as his paper attests.

Portland, Oregon. SARAH I. LYMAN.

Conscription and a Popular Vote

Editor UNITY:—

My Dear Sir: One may agree with the thoughts so eloquently expressed in President Wilson's last address to Congress and yet feel the deepest regret and disappointment at his conclusion that this country should enter the European war.

Some nineteen years ago President McKinley reluctantly approved the Spanish War and went over to the War Party and the public felt that his hand had been forced.

President Wilson refers in sympathetic and appreciative terms to the German people and sharply distinguishes the autocratic German government from the people who have been forced to support the war although no popular vote was ever taken to show whether or not the people wanted war.

Thousands of American citizens voted to re-elect President Wilson in the expectation that he would keep the country out of war. The argument for Peace was one of the potent factors in that exciting campaign and the result of the Presidential and Congressional contests can in no way be interpreted as favoring the War policy.

Now in frantic haste preparations are being made to put this great country on a war basis and to rank it in an alliance with the belligerent European nations.

All this is being done without a popular Referendum!

The constituents of President and Congress have not authorized these violent developments. Will Congress now dare to force Conscription on the country? Will Congress dare test a popular vote?

Cordially,
A. N. FOSTER.

Oxbridge, Mass, April 3, 1917.

"Are We Christian's?"

Editor of UNITY:

I am interested in the letter entitled "Are We Christians?" printed in a recent number of UNITY.

The question is, it seems to me, whether one is to consider the doctrines, dogmas, superstitions, formulas and creeds commonly called Christianity as Christianity pure and simple; or whether they are not rather to be characterized as a false Christianity—"Churchianity" if you will—an edifice, in short, that has been superimposed upon the foundations of the teachings of Jesus.

It is somewhat shocking to me, and altogether beyond my understanding, that some among the group of believers who have persistently and consistently tried to follow in Christ's own footsteps, should meekly accept the dictum that places them outside the pale of Christianity. That those who accepted a theology which (following the teachings of Paul and Augustine), made Christ equal with God, God an autocrat to be feared, and man a depraved being; which made vicarious atonement a necessity, and hell a reality, should have so dictated, is to my way of thinking manifestly absurd.

Rev. Lewis G. Wilson says in an article printed in the November number of the *New England Magazine*, that Trinitarianism and Unitarianism "came over to America in the same boat," and are to be found expressed, the one in the rigid Calvinistic theological doctrines of the Puritans, the other in those Covenants where they refused to be bound by any authoritative creed, signifying their intention "to walk in all His (God's) ways, made known, or TO BE MADE KNOWN UNTO THEM, according to their best endeavors." Mr. Wilson points out that the spirit of Trinitarianism is to be found among the epistles of Paul, but that it was not until the adoption of the Athanasian creed by a powerful majority (backed by the Emperor Con-

stantine) in 325 A. D., that God was fully defined in terms of three persons; and he says that at this time "the martyrdom of Unitarianism began."

The Augustinian Christianity, so utterly foreign to the spirit and teachings of Jesus—as embodied in his insistence upon the equality of all human souls, upon the loving fatherhood of God, and upon the idea of service by and for humanity—was clearly, strongly and skilfully presented about the year 400 and was accepted without investigation, and it continued to be accepted by the majority of Christians; while the true Christianity was lost sight of in a great degree. The torch of the true faith, however, has never been allowed to go out, completely, during all these hundreds of years, although it has grown very dim at times.

Ever since the day that Arius (who may be said to be the great Unitarian of his time) opposed Athanasius at the Council of Nicæa in 325, standing for the advancement of truth over expediency and error, Unitarianism has always been "the protest," as Mr. Wilson expresses it, "of human reason against the self-constituted authority of ecclesiasticism"; it has been the protest of the God inherent in the human heart against a God without and afar. Why may not we Unitarians, since we have taken the great Nazarene at his word and aimed to follow where he led, claim the right to be called Christians and to use the word Christian, without protest from anyone without or within the denomination, wherever and whenever we see fit to do so? Why may we not, too, declare authoritatively that ecclesiasticism, with its creeds, rituals and empty forms; its hypocrisy, insincerity and unfaith; its exclusiveness and class distinctions, is not Christianity at all—holding up to the world, meanwhile, Christ's own conception of his faith as made manifest in his teachings and in his life—the true Christianity of brotherhood, justice, service, and love?

BLANCHE WATSON.

New York City, March 26, 1917.

NAMES OF ROMANCE.

Around the good world's wide expanse
  Are places great and small,
Whose names fair tingle with romance—
  And I would see them all:
There's Cairo, Fez, and Ispahan,
  Bangkok and Singapore,
And Trebizonde and Cagayan,
  And Rio and Lahore.

There's Sarawak and Callao,
  Algiers and Kandahar,
Khartum, Rangoon, and Tokyo,
  Bombay and Zanzibar;
About the name of each there clings
  Enchantment's golden veil,
The wonder of strange folk and things,
  The glamor of the trail!

For some are north and some are south
  And some are east and west,
And some are curst with heat and drouth
  And some with balm are blessed;
But Capetown, Rhodes, or Disco Bay,
  Shanghai, Seville, or Rome,
Their names come singing down the way,
  To tempt me forth from home,
Their magic's ringing down the way,
  To lure me forth from home!

—*Berton Braley.*

An Easter Service Talk

At All Souls Church, Chicago April 8, 1917

By **Jenkin Lloyd Jones**

Dear Friends: I would not betray the providence that brings us the Spring. I would not dim the radiance or dispel the inspiration of nature. The seasons come and go in their unfailing order. "Ours is an age on ages, telling that to be living is sublime." I am glad to reinforce myself this morning in this presence with the thought that "Seed time and harvest will not fail"; the message of the seasons can be trusted; the sweep of the planets continues and the "music of the spheres" abides.

At other times I have taken pains to show you that Easter was a festival of nature before it was a festival of Christendom or of any sect or religious cult. Jesus and his disciples found this festival domesticated among their people, and his fellow-countrymen are celebrating their Passover Feast at this very hour. But the Jews found it in the stately ritual of Egypt. It was embodied in its psalms, ceremonies and monuments, and this liturgy of the Nile only echoes or rhymes with the devotion of those shepherd priests who watched the stars and rejoiced in the return of the sun in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Ganges. So this Easter festival is ours by virtue of nature's benediction.

Neither would I cloud the joys of the Easter of the human heart. It is so constituted that it has a great need of immortality, a sublime hunger for continuity, a mighty grasp on the hidden life. I rejoice in this Easter hope of the soul, I welcome it and would justify it by the testimony of the saints, the analogies of nature and the ethical demands of the human soul.

But I cannot be blind to the clouds that overhung our Good Friday, making it a black, bad Friday. I have no Easter lilies to lay upon our national altar this morning, for the Christ, the messenger of love, the advocate of human brotherhood, he whom his mocking disciples still would call the "Prince of Peace," was crucified again in Washington last week, and Congress closed his tomb with a great stone. I know not when, or where, or how, the angel is to come that is to roll away the stone, that there may be another "Resurrection," a rising of the Christ spirit. That spirit that will give again through our nation his profound message of brotherhood, a declaration that will dare proclaim the infinite Fatherhood of God which implies the unbroken brotherhood of man, which brotherhood is on this Easter day being violated and desecrated, in the name of law, order and justice by sincere men. These men have embodied this battling against brotherhood into the Federal law and are busy in the mad work of generating hate, dismembering the very dictionary and rudely demolishing the time honored sanctities of geography.

It is my duty to freely confess to you, the friends who have stood by and co-operated with me so long, that the two darkest national days in my life were the days that announced the death of Abraham Lincoln and declared war between the United States, the international nation, and one precious, large and living element in our national life, bone of our bone and blood of our blood.

Of these two awful days the latter is the darkest, for the cloud that overhung Missionary Ridge in Ten-

nessee, where the news of the martyrdom found me, was pierced with the radiance of a sure conviction that through the gates of martyrdom the tender hearted President had promptly passed into his earthly immortality; that from henceforth and forevermore he belonged to the ages, a sublime witness and measureless contribution to universal brotherhood.

But this last dark day witnessed in a few hours the destruction of the precious work of at least half a century, the sanctities of struggling generations desecrated. Confidence between man and man is a plant of slow growth, but confidence between nations is a century plant, that blossoms once in a hundred years of guarded life. The delicate interweaving of human sympathies, the subtle exchange of human interests, the accumulation of tender confidences and experiences, expressed in schools, libraries and laboratories, on the exchange, in the marts of trade, on the fields of toil and at the altars of religion, have been ruthlessly torn asunder, the vascular tissues destroyed, and men, swathed in the flag of democracy, are invoking hate, inviting bitterness, organizing violence.

I realize what all this means. I am not unmindful of the isolation this involves. I speak only for myself. I respect that right to individual judgment in you which I must claim for myself, but though I must stand alone, if need be, I must speak my disappointment in order that I may justify at least to myself and to my God, my future word and work in the interest of the nation, membership in which I still proudly claim. In these dark days of the national entombment of the Christ there has been a belated repetition of the Calvary tragedy, a boasted Christianity has failed us in this dire emergency. Mocking Christians while they mouth his name and bend the knee at the shrine of the "Prince of Peace," have suspended for the time being his benignant but imperative command, "Peter, put up thy sword!" and under the guise of national loyalty, invoke divine benedictions upon the sacriligious work of using one section of God's family to destroy and defame another section.

I see the friends falling all round me. I find the advocates of universal brotherhood, in whom we trusted, justifying bitterness, breathing antagonism, while enrobed in the flag. I know not how long I may be able to escape this spiritual epidemic, this moral contagion, this frenzy for war, explainable only by what Professor Vincent calls the "psychology of the mob." It is a social frenzy. Should I prove disloyal to the teachings of this desk, reaching through thirty-five years of as earnest and effective ministry as I could command, then put it down to my weakness, my inadequacy, my failing strength. Let some one write "Ichabod" across my brow and say: "Another one has

> . . . fallen! So lost! The light withdrawn
> Which once he wore!
> The glory from his gray hairs gone
> Forevermore!
>
> Revile him not, the Tempter hath
> A snare for all;
> And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
> Befit his fall!
>
> Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
> When they who might
> Have lighted up and led this age,
> Fall back in night.
>
> Let not the land once proud of them
> Insult them now,
> Nor brand with deeper shame their dim,
> Dishonored brows.
>
> But let its humbled sons, instead,
> From sea to lake,
> A long lament, as for the dead,
> In sadness make.
>
> Then, pay the reverence of old days
> To their dead fame;
> Walk backward, with averted gaze,
> And hide their shame!

It is an old story. I believe that when the strife is over the historians will have to record one more defeat to democracy. They will tell of the disappointment in the man who was elevated to the highest position within the power of man to give on the globe, the man who was thus exalted by virtue of the grateful slogan, "He kept us out of war." The man whom I, with many of you, sought to elevate by voice and pen and vote because he had recorded in splendid speech his disbelief in war, because he had committed himself over and over again to the sanctities of peace, because he had declared himself with what seemed to be high courage, as "too proud to fight"; because with what seemed a clear prophetic vision he foresaw that the only thing that would bring peace, perpetual and universal, was a "peace without victory." On that election day the mighty voice of the United States expressed itself; the people at the polls, in the sanctity of the ballot box, recorded their disbelief in war; recommitted themselves to the sanctities of peace.

Then came the rapid disillusioning, the tragic collapse which accepted the tactics of the ring, the duelist's code; the "severing of relations," still hoping for peace; the commitment to "armed neutrality," "only a defense of home rights, of the sancity of our ships." But the "armed neutrality" was declared a failure before it was ever tried; then by leaps and bounds came the mad passion, the wild fanaticism, explained only as I have already hinted, by the social psychology which sweeps press and people off their feet. It is no longer a "defensive war" not the guarding of our own "rights," but an "armed invasion," with the minimum of half a million men supported by uncounted billions of money.

What wild violation of the law of degrees is this? What ignoring of shadings; what prompt acceptance of the philosophy of force which we so condemn in Treitschke; what mad attempt to dethrone "Prussianism" in Europe by Prussianizing America, avenging a few great wrongs by perpetrating other uncounted, unmeasured wrongs?

President and Congress have taken great pains to make clear the distinction between "Germany" and the "German people," but with these words still fresh on their lips they are proceeding on a gigantic scale to kill not Germany but the poor innocent German people. No ignorance can shield them from the knowledge that the efficient, loyal, single-minded and pure-hearted guardians of the fireside, conservers and creators of the wealth of peace, are innocent of the great crime. And these are the ones that we are getting ready to shoot to their death by the thousands. These American war makers know that the war perpetrators will be safe from the bayonets even in the hands of valorous American invaders of foreign soil. What is equally sad and equally wicked, they are in-

ducing our own best and noblest, the most promising fruits of our firesides, the beloved children of American mothers, to go forth to be shot, for on this side, as on the other side, the war makers, those who profit by the hellish manufacture of munitions, aye the executives, members of cabinets and of congresses, are not the ones that are likely to be found in the trenches or with shredded limbs in the hospitals.

Oh, the disappointment is great! The "Prince of Peace" is again betrayed at the hands of his friends—not only by the Judas who coveted the silver but by the halting Peter who denied him in the chilly dawn, who distrusted his message in the ominous shades of Gethsemane, who bared his sword and "for Christ's sake" severed Malchus' ear. But it is only one more betrayal and it brings us one step nearer the final triumph. We must believe that God is still in his heaven.

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!

I have already said that I know not where or when the angel will come who will roll away this stone, but as for me I must pray for the power watchfully to wait that I may be ready with the Marys so that when the stone is rolled away I will be there to welcome the Angel of Peace and to proclaim again the brotherhood that may be defamed but not destroyed by the war.

Meanwhile we must see our nation, the lure of the oppressed in all lands and climes, the lure which swept me as a babe in arms with others into the hospitalities of the wild woods of Wisconsin because a home there spelt not wealth and prosperity but freedom, equality and democracy. It spelt a welcome to all aspiring souls, regardless of the language they spoke or the creeds they professed. And now the children of these heroic pioneers,—nation makers,—bearers of democracy, are urged to rally under the flag whose hospitality is to be limited; that they may slay their cousins, brothers and friends across the seas.

This church bears the name of "All Souls," a name chosen with great deliberation and not without opposition. For thirty-five years we have tried to stand aggressively for that name. Today that name and the loyalties it calls for are challenged. O, those were proud days in the story of All Souls Church when we welcomed within its humble walls, in the outgrown building across the way, representatives of the ancient faiths of all races and of the existing nations of the world. That was a high water mark in the history of the world when the Parliament of Religion, the child of your fostering and of mine, on yon Lake Front, demonstrated an international brotherhood that was full of warm, vital, loving blood. For seventeen days this world brotherhood gathered on the high altitudes of the spirit, where men saw the world as a common home, and all men as common brothers. We were proud in those Columbian days to welcome within our borders the latest, finest, highest achievements of science, art and religion. Our hearts grew large, our heads grew wise in planning how to give permanence to this cosmopolitan love, this international fraternity.

In view of all this I dare not take my religious orders from the exigencies of any State Department or suspend my conviction by Act of Congress. I claim my naturalization on a higher plane and recommit myself to the higher loyalties. I swear anew my allegiance to the nation that gave us Elihu Burrit, Ladd, Channing, Parker, Emerson, Whittier and Charles Sumner, profound interpreters of universal brotherhood. But those are but the recent guides and helpers of this pulpit. Hugo Grotius, Erasmus and Emanuel Kant spoke the same words of brotherhood, the same gospel of peace, and they but repeated the words and restated the arguments given by George Fox, Sir Thomas More, St. Francis and back to the greatest of Pacifists, the Man of Nazareth. But the inspirations of this pulpit antedate New Testament times. The great prophets of Jewry foretold the time when "swords were to be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks." I must live my life in their spirit; but back of them, I am enlisted under the banners of the gentle Buddha whose bloodless altars were never disturbed by war's alarm, were never stained by anything more gory than flowers. He who made Asia mild by virtue of his gentleness, who rules today supreme over more human beings than any other name in human history, through the primacy of pity, is also my leader and teacher. Back of him come the ancient revealers of God to man in the Brahmanic world, the Parsee law-giver, and later Mohammedan, stripped of his sword by Abdul Bahai and his followers. All these represent a non-militant constituency which is slowly but surely conquering the world, and before which even the present bumptious confidence of the United States will go down.

It is from such an ancestry as this that this pulpit is to continue its ministry. It is not pro-German or pro-Ally but pro-human. It is not anti-Teuton nor anti-Anglo-Saxon, but anti-war, which is an accursed inheritance of the brute from which we come. We stand midway between that brute and the full grown man which we are to become, leaving behind us claws and horns, fangs and tusks, though refined by human science; taking on instead warm hands and clear heads, smiling faces and loving eyes.

"Thou shalt not kill" is a text that was written in the stars above and engraved in the granite beneath before ever the Hebrew learned to write. War is not only a denial of this article in the decalogue, but it is a violation of all the ten commandments. All their sanctities are desecrated by war as those of us who have studied it at close range know full well. Blind envy, hate, theft, licentiousness, murder, profanity, all follow in the wake of war, of the most respectable war ever developed. The benign demands of the Beatitudes are trampled underfoot by all armied hosts and all serried ranks.

Oh, but "HONOR!" Yes, *honor!* The honors of war are the *dis*honors of peace. That cannot be honor that is stained in human gore and won on battlefields, except such honor as obtains in the prize ring and is according by the code of the duelist. That cannot be treason to the state that is loyalty to the race. That

cannot be loyalty to the nation that is treasonable to the brotherhood of man.

No one knows better than I how this position exiles me. I see the hysteria working all around me. The advocates of peace stagger and fall on every side. I realize how many of you differ from me. I know that this message will be ignored, ridiculed and condemned by most of the mediums of communication beyond the reach of my voice. For over a year the press of Chicago, when they have given extension to any of my words, have done so only to distort, misinterpret, or to parry with ridicule or sarcasm. I will continue in the future as in the past to make no reply. I will not stop to debate or stoop to quarrel, but I must continue to testify to the truth as it is given to me,—the imperative truth of the Brotherhood of Man, the indispensable corollary of the Fatherhood of God.

If we make our measuring string of history long enough, reaching from the bloody conquerors of the far East down to the latest Bismarck, the verdict is plain, the lesson is easy to read. The inspired word of Jesus on his way to Calvary is justified of history, "For they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." It is a short day in history that marks the longest triumph of the sword. Ask me not to be loyal to a man when principles are at stake. Obedience to a President must be pushed aside when a nation is in the throes, when its precious antecedents are being betrayed and there is disloyalty to its mighty inspirations.

Twelve years ago this Easter Day the children of this Sunday School gave to the breeze the White Bordered Banner that has since floated from the roof of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, was dedicated on that day, and this banner has ever floated on fitting occasions from our masthead. At that time they sang the song of the White Bordered Banner. (See page 99.) While this war lasts there is more reason than ever that our banner should wear the white border, symbol of "peace on earth and good will to man." When it flies at all, it will fly at half-mast from the Abraham Lincoln Centre flagpole in honor of the unnamed heroes in all the armies who have fallen victims to the god of war.

In arranging this program I said to my helpers I feared I could not lift this service to the triumphant reaches of the Russian hymn it has been our wont to sing at Easter time. But on my way to the pulpit there came to me from the hand of a friend who is in this audience, the lines which justify me in asking you to join in singing our version of the great Russian hymn. While we sing let us remember that belated freedom broke through the tyranny of Russia, not by the power of an invading army, but by the rising power of God's children who out of great wrongs rose from within. Freedom comes to nations from within. Invading armies may capture capital cities, dethrone kings, they cannot kill a people. I belong myself to a people that was vanquished six centuries ago and have had no flag to fight for since, no boundary lines to protect, but the Premier of England today is a Welshman, proud of the language and traditions of Wales. How can you kill souls thrilled by climbing ideals! The ancient cities of Jerusalem and Athens are still the capital cities of the cultured world. They have been repeatedly dismantled and disgraced, but they still survive, and so the words of my friend, Francis Neilson (see front page) encourage me to ask you to join in singing our Russian hymn:

Father omnipotent, joyful and thankful,
Bring we the praises to thee belong:
Hopefulness, joyfulness, in thy great mercy
Fill our waked spirits with sounding song.
Hallowed this festival! When life immortal
Shines thro' open portal:

Open to faithfulness, open to sorrow,
Open to vision of saint and seer.
Death where thy victory! Where thy great anguish!
Hope cometh mighty, outcasting fear!
O hope victorious! On us descending,
Earth and heaven blending!

Glory and majesty break forth upon us,
Like unto splendors of morning skies.
Life beatifical! Life everlasting!
With thy great glory on us arise;
Lighten our heaviness, shine on our sorrow,
Life's eternal morrow.

J. Vila Blake.

Bind us father by the cords of love and duty to one another and thereby to thee, the Father of us all. May thy blessing reach thy children through our lives and may they serve Thee through us. Amen.

Why the Nightingale Sings at Night

"As welcome as the flowers in May" is the lovely feathered-throat singer, the nightingale. On the blooming green earth the spring flowers make their dainty bow, while the magic song of the nightingale penetrates the tall trees of the forest in thrills of welcome to spring. From April until the middle of June this bird dares not cease his enamored tale.

In England, the males are the first to arrive. Generally a week or ten days later the females chirp along. Year after year they go to the same places. They seem to make "carbon-copies" of their routes, for they travel in the most wonderful way straight over the sea and directly inland to the very spot in which they have previously made their nests. They can go right to the very tree, bush, or thicket in which they were born.

The male nightingales sing their marvelous song during the time that the female birds arrive and are courted, until the eggs are laid and the little ones peep from their tiny shells.

The flirtatious courtship begins when they sing to attract a sweetheart. When she is won, they sing while building their nests. During the time that the mother bird is sitting on the nest, the male bird sings almost day and night to cheer her. When the little bodies of the young are seen to peep forth, the song ceases, for that is the time the father bird goes out to find food for the family pantry. He could not sing even if he had the time, for he seems to have lost his beautiful voice.

The tuneful strains of the little warbler are generally heard after the second or third week in June. Strange as it may seem, if the nest of the nightingale is robbed soon after the eggs are laid, he will sing until another is built and until that lot is hatched. Seldom does he sing while the second brood is hatched.

Truly, there is no other song so wonderful, so thrilling, so beautiful as that of the nightingale.

Leonard Keene Hirshberg, M. D.
Baltimore, Md.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

X.

Review from the Standpoint of Art

One phase of the Reformation was a great radical recoil from art expression in religion. The Catholic Church built cathedrals; the conservative element in the English Church preserved them. The heroic radical element became iconoclasts; they broke the icons, the idols, demolished high altars, distrusted stained glass windows and high music and broke away from forms and formulas, and finally came to the severity of the Puritan meeting house and the simplicity of the Quaker meeting.

A group of artists who substituted for the luxuriousness and moneyed art of the previous centuries a stalwart, heroic robustness, and became right-hand helpers to the heroes of the Reformation on the Continent, were:

Hans Holbein, The Elder—1460-1524—64.
Albrecht Dürer—1471-1528—57.
Lucas Cranach, The Elder—1472-1553—81.
Hans Holbein, Younger—1497-1543—46.
Lucas Cranach, Younger—1515-1586—71.

We will not go into the complex story of these great artists of the Reformation, although they form very interesting material. Any standard history of art will give ample biographical material.

In Albrecht Dŭrer we come the nearest, in western Europe, to finding a brother of Michael Angelo; a brother because in addition to the dexterity of his fingers and aptitude to paint and draw, to etch and sketch on wood, copper and with pencil and brush, he was a great big man, big enough to stand up and be counted on unpopular questions.

The Britannica tells us that clearly the three masterpieces are his Melancholia, The Knight and Death and St. Jerome in His Study.

Melancholia, "which is the history of the sorrowful toil of the earth," presents a strong, not beautiful but unusual feminine figure surrounded by instruments of toil. Open eyed, with a compass in her hands, she broods over the problems of the world, while at her right plays a little urchin quite indifferent to what the future may hold. The picture reaches all the way from innocent childhood to the genius of the world, the genius of history, the spirit of the Reformation, the spirit of science.

Ruskin writes of it:

> Though the general intent of the Melancholia is clear, and to be felt at a glance, I am in some doubt respecting its special symbolism. I do not know how far Dürer intended to show that labour, in many of its most earnest forms, is closely connected with the morbid sadness or "dark anger" of the northern nations. Truly some of the best work ever done for man has been done in that dark anger; but I have not yet been able to determine for myself how far this is necessary, or how far great work may also be done with cheerfulness. If I knew what the truth was, I should be able to interpret Dürer better; meantime the design seems to me his answer to the complaint, "Yet is his strength labour and sorrow."
>
> "Yes," he replies, "but labour and sorrow are his strength."
>
> The labour indicated is in the daily work of men. Not the inspired or gifted labour of the few (it is labour connected with the sciences, not with the arts), shown in its four chief functions: thoughtful, faithful, calculating, and executing.
>
> Thoughtful, first; all true power coming of that resolved, resistless calm of melancholy thought. This is the first and last message of the whole design. Faithful, the right arm of the spirit resting on the book. Calculating (chiefly in the sense of self-command), the compasses in her right hand. Executive, roughest instruments of labour at her feet: a crucible, and geometrical solids, indicating her work in the sciences. Over her head the hour-glass and the bell, for their continual words, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do." Beside her, childish labour (lesson-learning?) sitting on an old millstone, with a tablet on its knees. I do not know what instrument it has in its hand. At her knees a wolf-hound asleep. On the distance a comet (the disorder and threatening of the universe) setting, the rainbow dominant over it. Her strong body is close girded for work; at her waist hang the keys of wealth; but the coin is cast aside contemptuously under her feet. She has eagle's wings, and is crowned with fair leafage of spring.

The other picture of Dŭrer's that ought to be on the preacher's wall is the "Knight on Horseback," in which art lends itself to the severity of morals and the interpretation of beauty. Dŭrer's philosophy was one of contentment. His attitude toward death one of "patient hope," according to Ruskin, expressed in a twofold way.

> . . . consisting of one design in praise of Fortitude, and another in praise of Labor. The Fortitude, commonly known as the "Knight and Death," represents a knight riding through a dark valley overhung by leafless trees, and with a great castle on a hill beyond. Beside him, but a little in advance, rides Death on a pale horse. Death is gray-haired and crowned; serpents wreathed about his crown (the sting of Death involved in the kingly power). He holds up the hour-glass and looks earnestly into the knight's face. Behind him follows Sin; but Sin powerless; he has been conquered and passed by, but follows yet, watching if any way of assault remains. On his forehead are two horns—I think of sea-shell—to indicate his insatiableness and instability. He has also the twisted horns of the ram, for stubbornness, the ears of an ass, the snout of a swine, the hoofs of a goat. Torn wings hang useless from his shoulders, and he carries a spear with two hooks, for catching as well as wounding. The knight does not heed him, nor even Death, though he is conscious of the presence of the last.
>
> He rides quietly, his bridle firm in his hand, and his lips set close in a slight sorrowful smile, for he hears what Death is saying; and hears it as the word of a messenger who brings pleasant tidings, thinking to bring evil ones.

In still another picture of Dürer's we have two panels, in one St. John and St. Peter and in the other St. Paul and St. Mark. In the center is the famous head of the Christ, the face of Dŭrer himself, slightly disguised, painted from a looking-glass.

Farrar has reproduced in his chapter on Dürer (The Life of Christ as Represented in Art), The Man of Sorrows, The Last Supper, The Agony in the Garden, The Arrest, Pilate Showing Christ to the People, and The Crucifixion.

There is a seeming paradox in the fact that the so called art ages of the Christian era have been degenerate ages in morals and scholarship. Perhaps there is no essential connection between ethics and art, and the explanation may lie in the fact that art is dependent upon wealth and great wealth permits ethical laxity. The great era of the Renaissance in Florence was the era of the Medicis, when luxury, extravagance and fashion radiated from Florence, and political bossism had full sway. The same thing could

be said of the period of Louis XIV in France when architecture, household furniture, men's and women's dress, all reached the height of elaborateness and which was such a period of degeneracy in morals as brought about the French Revolution.

Twenty-five years or so ago there was much talk about "art for art's sake" independent of morals. There is now a school of poets, of which supposedly Amy Lowell is the high priestess, which seems to revel in describing the coarse, vulgar side of life. In the preface to her volume, "Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds," she says:

> I wish to state my firm belief that poetry should not try to teach, that it should exist simply because it is created beauty, even if sometimes the beauty of a Gothic grotesque. We do not ask the trees to teach us moral lessons, and only the Salvation Army feels it necessary to pin texts upon them.

I beg leave to differ. The most superb artists and the master poets do not try to separate the beautiful and the truthful. This is the lesson of the Reformation, of the inconoclasts, of architecture.

Ruskin, the great interpreter of Gothic architecture, says that every town should have one great Gothic church, if for no other reason than the great good coming to those who build it. But Gothic architecture has never lifted a people into ethical power. It has brought about obedience, humility, confession, penitence, but not the stalwart morals and ethics such as the Reformation ushered in.

Last year we saw the early saints, Savonarola and the rest, breaking with art. St. Francis laid aside all luxury, inaugurated severe simplicity in worship and resented extravagant churches. And Sabatier bemoans the fact that hardly was the Saint in his grave before his followers built that magnificent memorial church to him in Assisi.

Art may, and often does, lend itself to ethical degeneracy. Protestantism was born out of a recoil from the ambitious building scheme of Tetzel. The honor of the church and glory of the kingdom required a St. Peters, and that, the most expensive and extensive expression of Christianity in outward form ever conceived, led Luther to start the greatest radical protest in the history of religion.

Protestantism today is helpless in creating architecture. The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now being built in New York, will, if history can be relied upon, prove a burden to the church. Art disassociated from morals is a menace to morality. Catholic architecture represents a past inspiration belonging to the outward development of Christianity.

When Christianity began to be represented by kings, cardinals and popes, it expressed itself supremely in the cathedral. The Reformation brought about a cultured simplicity which has demonstrated that it is possible to be honest, to do without luxury, without position, without art maybe, to lead a contented, constrained, strong and happy life, and in doing so make an important contribution to the best and most progressive life of today.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Give dates of Dürer.

(2) What great religious teachers were his contemporaries?

(3) Who were his artist contemporaries?

(4) What change did the Reformation bring about in the world of art?

(5) What do you consider the relation of art and morality?

Righteous Wrath

Mr. Roosevelt has just shown himself at his best by a noble appeal and his own gifts for suffering Belgium. He shows himself at his worst in the dispatch of March 20th, in which he says, "Our present motto is $25,000,000 for tribute (to Colombia), but not a cent for defence," and this, after Congress has voted colossal sums for preparedness exceeding those ever made by any country not at war!

But it is his slander of a brave body of patriots who are quite as ready as he to sacrifice for their country all that makes life dear that should rouse our righteous wrath. It is time that pacifists should openly resent such abominable statements as the following in this dispatch, which have been uttered before by Mr. Roosevelt and his imitators: "As for the pacifists, they stand on a level with the copperheads who in 1864 denounced and assailed Abraham Lincoln."

Copperheads, so called from the snake of that name, were northern men who aided and abetted the rebels who were trying to dismember the Union and destroy our government in order to perpetuate slavery. They had their origin with the Civil War.

Pacifists were organized a hundred years before this war broke out to substitute law for war and to bring about a "condition of organized living together among nations." They are not opposing our good President. Our nation is not now in danger of dismemberment or destruction. American pacifists vary in their judgment of just what should be our policy now, but most of them want us to go no farther than to protect our vessels from submarines and, like Japan, confine our operations strictly to the enforcement of our rights. Otherwise, Dr. David Starr Jordan tells us, "America will be levying war taxes, paying interest on war debts and pensions to war widows for at least a century—and with America a belligerent, the last shred of respect for neutral sea right will vanish from the sea."

Pacifists are far-sighted and looking to the best means of bringing about such a settlement at the end of this war as shall prevent future war. Their methods may be wise or unwise, but their purposes are no more to be put on a plane with those of the rebels who tried to destroy our Union than the purposes of whisky sellers are to be put on the same plane with those of prohibitionists. One may or may not support prohibition, but one has no right to lie about those who do.

There are a few pestiferous people who are trying to cling to the skirts of pacifists and who torment us by sending us atrocious verse and who usually sign German names. They never cared for the peace movement until this war broke out and are no true peacemakers. Our real wrath and indignation is against men in high places, who are responsible and are makers of public opinion and who delight in uttering unblushing slanders against that body of men and women who in this generation are carrying out the policies of Victor Hugo, John Bright, Richard Cobden, Charles Sumner and a host of other seers and patriots. Whether war comes or not, their work will go right on. They propose to fight it out on that line until a League of nations and a World Court replace the present anarchic system which is now destroying civilization.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

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Present Philosophical Tendencies.... Prof. Henry M. Scheffer, Harvard University

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Youth and Judaism..... Prof. Ralph Philip Boas, Whitman College, Washington

Report on a Proposed Federation of the Reform Congregations of Chicago. Rabbi Samuel S. Cohon, Zion Congregation

TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 17, 10 O'CLOCK

Standard Club, Michigan Avenue and 24th Street

Rabbi Felix A. Levy presiding

Round Table Conference: How Can the Synagogue Best Meet the Present Religious Situation..... .....Leader: Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch

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Standard Club, Michigan Avenue and 24th Street

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The Need of a Scientific Basis for the Adjustment of the Jewish Religion to Modern Life..... Prof. Mordecai M. Kaplan, Jewish Theological Seminary

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 18, 8 O'CLOCK

Sinai Temple, Grand Boulevard and 46th Street

Rabbi T. Schanfarber presiding

The Present Status in Religion..... Rabbi Henry Berkowitz, Philadelphia, Pa.

Concluding Remarks by the Chairman

THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

Fly the flag at half-mast
For the life that has been spilt,
For the wealth that has been built
On the bones of men;
Fly the flag at half-mast
Till the day breaks again.

Fly the flag at half-mast
For the greed that would not die,
For the hate that scorched the sky
With envenomed fire;
Fly the flag at half-mast
For the deeds of men's ire.

Fly the flag at half-mast
For the love that has been slain,
For the conflict's bloody stain
On the hopes of men;
Fly the flag at half-mast
Till the day breaks again.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.
Chicago.

THE ELEMENTS.

No house of stone
Was built for me;
When the Sun shines—
I am a tree.

No sooner comes
The Rain so warm,
I come to Light—
I am a worm.

When the Winds blow,
I do not strip,
But set my sails—
I am a ship.

When Lightning comes,
It plays with me
And I with it—
I am a tree.

When drowned men rise
At Thunder's word,
Sings Nightingale—
I am a bird.

—*William H. Davies.*

A VALENTINE.

The longest day is in June they say—
The shortest in December;
It didn't come to me that way—
The shortest I remember
You came and stayed a day
And filled my heart with laughter,
The longest day you were away—
It was the next day after.

—*Forrest Graft Guild.*

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